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for Napoleon, or Bonaparte, or whatever name or title, my Lord Castlereagh may chuse to honour him with; this ruler of France, and regent of Europe (whose powers of combination, alas, for liberty! appear to circumscribe and circumvent those of all other men) has constructed a navy of a novel kind, and more efficient service. Here the Baltic, and the German ports, there Holland discharges *prohibitory decrees*, and forms an iron bound coast against the force, or friendship of Britain; and across the Atlantic, we hear, from time to time, a peal of thunder from the circular battery of the American Embargo. This is the warfare, this the navy, by which he means to wrest the trident from the acknowledged Lord of the ocean or make it a *barren sceptre*. We can fight, now, *only* on the continent, and in doing so, we gratify the wishes of Hannibal. He sees Varro descend from his mountains. Let sacrifices be made at the altar of Peace, to meet sacrifices that have been offered at the same altar; even though Mr. Canning, and my Lord Castlereagh be the sacrifices first made, will not the peace of the world be an adequate compensation? There is much patriotism now displayed, but it is at a great distance...from home. We ought not to be patriots, only in *Spain*. But adhering to the party and principles of Fox, not merely with his portrait on our walls, but with his life in our memories, and his book in our hands and hearts, we ought not to hesitate in making sacrifices equal, at least, to those of the enemy, in the pursuit of an honourable peace, and at the same time take every precaution to consolidate these countries against the common enemy, by a reform of existing abuses, by purifying the representation of the people, and by holding forth the right hand of fellowship and welcome, to Catholics into parliament, with the spirit of that generous, and forecasting policy which considers all partial repeal of the Penal laws, as but a tantalizing toleration, and a mitigated persecution.

There is a tide in the opinions as well as in the affairs of men. History

in general, more particularly British History, and, most remarkably, that portion of it selected by our author, is made up of striking manifestations of such periodical flux and reflux in public opinion. As the priests of Egypt, recorded on the Nilometer, the different heights of their beneficent river, which periodically left behind it, verdure, fertility, and an expanse of beauty, so, the muse of History inscribes on a column more lasting than granite, the blessed ERAS of British story, and marks those periodical elevations of national character, to which the country owed successive freedom, and happiness, and glory. At the lowest ebb of the public mind, we feel certain presages of a returning flow of the genuine British character. The period of natural fluctuation, has been disturbed, and driven back, by a mighty revolutionary storm, and the swell that succeeded it; but this conflict of the lower elements, will pass away; and a spring-tide of British and Irish freedom will be regulated as by a power from above. The means for producing such events are often strange and unexpected. It would, indeed, be strange if Spain excited a spirit of liberty in Britain, and if the country of Philip and Alva, instructed that of Alfred and Elizabeth. But, however, or whenever the auspicious era will arrive, which renovates the constitution, by making its House of Commons a pure and impartial representative of all the people, no more sincere gratulation will be given from any part of the empire, than from the NORTH OF IRELAND, a portion of the public mind, which we have good authority to say, was always contemplated by Mr. Fox, with the warmest sympathy, and the most heart-felt respect. X.

Sketch of the Geography and of the History of Spain, with a succinct Account of the Causes of the late Revolution; translated from the French (late Paris edition) with some Remarks of the Translator; by Dennis Taaffe. Dublin; printed by Isaac Colles, published by M'Donald, 1808. p.p. 91. 3s. 4d. sewed.

WE promised ourselves but little entertainment or information

from the perusal of this pamphlet; yet even our humble expectations have been disappointed. The history of the Spanish empire from the first settlement of the Goths to the present revolution, comprised in less than eighty octavo pages, could hold forth little of novelty to interest. It could contain neither that accuracy of narration nor copiousness of reflection which gives value to history. Yet had the sketch been properly executed it would have answered some useful ends. A correct, though succinct review of the several eras of the monarchy, serving to develop the causes of the changes which that kingdom has undergone during the lapse of so many centuries, would have supplied useful food to the understanding of many, who though desirous of procuring some knowledge of the former state of a country that is making so gallant and unexpected a stand against Continental subjugation, had not time or capacity for entering more fully into the subject; and might have roused the attention of others to proceed further in this interesting investigation.

There is reason to fear that by the present attempt, neither of these purposes will be effected. Indeed such is our opinion of its total want of merit that nothing but the obligation we are under of laying before the public our sentiments on every publication which issues from the Irish press could have compelled us to drag it into light.

The Sketch commences with a geographical description of Spain, such as may be met with in one of the common books on geography, detailing its provinces, remarkable towns, and what the writer considers curiosities. In this recapitulation we should have remarked with pleasure the number of universities, amounting to twelve in a kingdom whose population is considerably smaller than that of the British Islands, were we not informed in other parts, that they were almost solely devoted to the narrow, useless study of school divinity. In this geographical account we look in vain for any notice of the political circumstances of the several provinces or great towns; even the military geography, a point of so much consequence at present, and which we might suppose would scarce-

ly be omitted in a French publication, is totally unnoticed.

The history, if such it should be called, is little more than a dry insipid relation of the lives of the several princes, and even where it is enlivened by some anecdote, this, instead of throwing light on some leading point, is generally trifling and unimportant. We are stopt to be informed of the violent means by which one king Wamba was forced to accept the crown. This is dwelt upon at length, while we have scarcely commenced the interesting period of the Moorish settlement when we find ourselves at its end. The reign of Charles V. is included in about a couple of pages. If conciseness be the aim of this historiographer, we would recommend him to throw his narrative into verse, as has been done lately with the English history. It would, no doubt, shorten it, and impress it more fully on the memory. Let us try in the present instance.

Over Austria, Flanders, Spain,
Charles yclep'd the fifth did reign,
Resign'd, and in a convent tarried,
Two years, then died and so was buried.

The reigns of Philip the third, and fourth, possess some degree of merit. The outlines of the history of the Duke of Lerma and the Count of Olivares, are not badly traced. That of the reign of Charles IV. in which we are most interested, is but a tissue of common-place observations, which throw no light on the revolution which they profess to elucidate. The concluding paragraph, however, contains some truth.

“Will the result be beneficial to Spain? I answer, it will, let the war terminate as it may. Whether the patriots, or King Joseph conquer, the change must serve a country, which wanted one so much. The contest will call forth the energies long dormant. Frequent discussion will produce freedom of opinion, and investigation. The present licentiousness of the press, will settle into a temperate freedom; habits of industry, rational information *after the storm*, may succeed *torpor* and mental *stagnation*. The necessities of the war will force them to commit what the clergy call sacrilege. They will borrow vessels of gold and silver, golden saints and silver saints, and this breach on the rampart of superstition, may lead gradually to its utter demolition.

If they find their heretical allies honourable and faithful, they will not be zealous to burn them in this world, and damn them in the next."

The little merit of the original is foully defaced by the faults of the translation, which seems to be the work of a man, who so far from being qualified to translate from a foreign language, is ignorant of his own. And to complete the miserable picture, the printing is executed in a manner so slovenly, as would be disgraceful to a penny ballad. False pointing, and false spelling, are equally conspicuous. In many places we see the same name spelt differently in the same page; for instance, the favourite of the wife of Philip the fifth, is called the *Princesse d'Ursins*, and a few lines lower, the *Princesse d'Urshins*. In another place we are learnedly informed that an antient writer, styled the Spaniards *Mega-thymone-thonos-jheron*; we should have been completely at a loss to discover in what language this antient had chosen to convey his compliment, and should have suspected some hidden mystery to be enclosed, did not the writer, by annexing a translation, kindly relieve us from the necessity of making such a disgraceful confession of our ignorance, and we find that it is intended for *μεγαθυμοναθεριος Ιερεωυ*, the *magnanimous race of Iberians*.

Were we to dwell on all the faults, the comment would stretch far beyond the text. We sincerely wish, for the honour of the Irish Press, that the younger sister with whom we are threatened, may either be stilled in the birth, or appear dressed in habits more becoming a member of polished society.

Fragments in Prose and Verse, by a young Lady lately deceased, with some Account of her Life and Character; by the Author of Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity. Dublin; printed by Graisberry and Campbell, for W. Watson, Capel-street, 1808. 12mo. p.p. 232. Price, 4s. 4d.

"Blame where we must, be friendly where we can."

WE regret that the author did not give his name, for we do not

recognize him by the description which he has given of himself. We see no cause for concealing it, nor can we admit the plea of modesty. We also wish the name of the young lady had been added. Though these circumstances may appear trivial, yet they confer respectability on a work. When we read the pleasing memoirs of a virtuous character, we wish to know her name, from better motives than those of idle curiosity.

The young lady whose short, but amiable course we are called upon to contemplate, appears from these memoirs to have been the daughter of a Captain S****, who, by engaging in an unsuccessful banking concern in the West of England, experienced some distressing reverses of fortune. He afterwards entered into the army; his wife and daughter followed him to Ireland and were for some time residents at Ballitore, in the county of Kildare, and afterwards retired to a cottage in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland.

Our female heroine appears to have possessed that true fortitude of mind, which enabled her to bear the reverse of her father's fortune with composure and firmness, and to leave the beautiful seat of Pearce-field, without unavailing regret. If some natural tears she dropt, she wiped them soon. And a letter to a friend on her departure, manifests a mind which soared above the frowns of fortune. She betook herself to study, and to strong devotional feelings, and these proved a sedate to her mind in the various vicissitudes of her future life. Many of her letters are given in this collection; she was also in the habit of committing her thoughts to paper on serious subjects; of these remarks, and of her letters, with a few poetical pieces, and some translations, this little volume is principally composed.

We feel no hesitation in recommending this memorial, or rather transcript of her amiable and virtuous mind to the perusal of our young Female readers, and we doubt not but if they seriously examine this portrait, they will find many things to improve and ameliorate the heart, having a tendency to lead from frivolity that present endemic of the times. Some sentiments of a religious tendency are introduced,